

Tldr (Smithing)

Open Mike Eagle

(Check, check, yeah, one-two, ah, yeah, yeah, check, yeah, yeah)

Only your corollaries know y'all
Unique snowflakes in ordinary snowballs
And you can find me in the place sipping what's to sip
Between shrooms and touring I'm sure to take a bunch of trips
And fuck that one guy who's screen name was "thunderlips"
Pelt him with a bag full of mesquite flavored Kruncher chips
Yeah, I'm bout to raise my vibration up
See me, say hi, wave, try to say what's up
It's all good in the hood, I think
I listened to the Kinks and my fridge don't stink
Ah, yeah
So today's a pretty good day
Doing what I'm supposed to do and saying what I should say
Hooray, I'm not feeling bad like I could be
Or regretting that I didn't grow my hair like Touré's
Yeah, I wanna show up in the search results
Purchase Volkswagens then cake up and purchase coats
Them little thin ones is worthless folks
And I'm sad I never got to see or tweet Mr. Perfect posts
Yeah, It's all white meat and baby fat
Been woke so long I might need to take a nap
And I'm likely afraid of that
Imma swipe me a high speed data map
Or I might be a five speed beta max
Cassette tape
Show me your best resting death face
Show me everything except whoever makes the best vapes
Yeah, couldn't even pretend to give a freak
Submit this whole verse as an op-ed to Businessweek
I wrote a letter to the editor
I don't know if Death Certificate's better than The Predator
Veteran cheddar getters know how to do it togetherer
And that's why they make stuff foreverer and everer
Yeah, and everybody mama know the song
But they still won't let a brother dip a toe in Lake Woebegone
Yeah, And if you're stuck in a traffic jam
Just add me on the snapstagram

This was brought to you by shit that I don't own
Yeah, add me on shit, yeah

If you was rich and about to be broke I can coach you
'Cause I can show you how to kill a roach with a boat shoe
Might have to sell the dining room table though
And pay to go HAM on some second-hand baby clothes
And cut the cable, bro, gamble on wireless
My sister sells jailbroken Amazon Fire sticks
Need somewhere to bark start with local governments
Spar with Republicans, the stars won't be punishing
You, fool, your phone's the new ark of the covenant
And God spoke to you in a bar called Mulligans
If there was justice all men would have to die, patricide
Tweet at the void and heart the at replies
And don't cry if you can't find me
I built a time machine to go and hide in the Nineties

No friends I only want giants beside me
To get close you gotta be the size of a pine tree
My supervillain name would be Ultra Hater
I'd act really cool then insult you later
Here's something you should know from the ground floor
As far as rappers none of us as cool as we sound, bro
And dog I'm fatigued
The world's moving all different speeds
This song's too long didn't read